

木樨国际诗歌译丛

荣誉总编·张智 | 总编·李正栓



木樨颜 盛小芳 译 Translated by Brent Yan and Sheng Xiaofang





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PUPIL

木 樨 国 际 诗 歌 译 丛 BOY INTERNATIONAL POETRY TRANSALTION SERIES 荣誉总编 张智 | 总编 李正栓 Bonorary General Coitor ZHANG Zhi General Coitor LI Zhengshuan

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<u>总</u> 略 编 语

现代诗歌在海外的面貌如何?这是一个经常叩击当代中国诗人的问题。他们当中能够直接阅读外语诗歌的并不在多数,这时候就需要借助于翻译,所幸我们还有不少诗刊开辟了海外诗歌的译介栏目。翻译是传播的基础,传播是翻译的目的。然而,从这些诗刊中的少量译介——有时并非当代诗歌——勾连出一幅当代世界诗歌图景,却仍是一件苦差。

此时,张智主编的《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of International Poetry)潜入脑海浮上眼帘。是张智中博士引荐我认识了张智博士。这个刊物原名《世界诗人》(The World Poets Quarterly),1995 年由张智、余海涛、蔡丽双和露丝玛丽·威尔金森联合创办,已有将近30年办刊史,是世界上唯一一本多语版当代诗歌选萃翻译季刊。兼任执行总编的张智博士自创刊至今,秉持其兼容并包的办刊理念,先后聚集了杨成虎(杨虚)、张智中、杨宗泽、樱娘、殷晓媛、颜海峰(木樨颜)、童天鉴日、石永浩、马婷婷、丁立群、林巧儿等翻译家担任客座总编,出刊总计106期,译介中国和世界各地诗人4000余人,翻译诗歌11000余首,总计约20万行2000万字。同时,翻译和出版了来自30多个国家的诗人的诗集、选集400余部,涉及的语种达20多种,传播了中国诗歌文化,译介了全世界优秀诗歌,真正地做到了国际文化交流和世界文明互鉴。通过《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of

International Poetry)季刊,一些中国诗人曾获得希腊、巴西、美国、以色列、法国、印度、意大利、奥地利、黎巴嫩、马其顿、科索沃、孟加拉、日本等国文学奖。这个平台,在选诗方面,力求紧跟国际、主从兼容;在诗人选择上,敢于发现新秀;在地域方面,照顾全球性;在译诗方面,多为名家名译,我本人也经常接受张智博士分配的任务。他追求精益求精,使刊物成为了解国际诗歌写作生态、培养当代诗歌翻译名家的独一无二的平台。

在这个刊物上"供职"已经十年的客座总编颜海峰(笔名木樨颜),出身书香门第,受其身为乡村教师的祖父影响尤深,自幼浸淫四书五经。他品学兼优,为人正直,诗情肆意,干劲十足,是一个罕见的优秀青年。他硕士期间师从已故典籍英译大家汪榕培教授,进行过大量翻译实践,培养了治学严谨的作风,博士期间又拜入著名诗人、翻译家汪剑钊门下,从事欧美诗学、美国诗歌的研究。他总能受到灯塔的引领,行走诗歌美的光彩里,逐渐成为一个多面手。他关心人与自然,关心社会百态,关注人生各个方面,热爱人民,热爱祖国的山山水水。他从事旧体诗创作30余年,出版有《一页水山》(A Page of Rill and Hill),也擅长新诗创作,著有《残忍月光》(Cruel Moon),其他原创诗歌和译作散见于《诗刊》《江南诗》等刊物,近年来出版译诗集已经有20余种。他号召力极强,2021年起策划总编"东西文翰大系",仅仅一年已经出版了20多本图书,涉及多个语种,发行至数十个国家,产生了不错的海外影响。

他在《国际诗歌翻译》实践的十年中积累了大量译诗,先后 发表于该刊,今年天时地利人和,他打算将其汇总后编纂成不同 主题或体例的译诗集出版,取得了刊物总编张智博士的授权之 后他即邀请我担任总编,我很高兴。

译丛取名"木樨国际诗歌译丛",所选诗歌及译文全部选自于其过去十年在《世界诗人》(2020年改名《国际诗歌翻译》之后的译诗未纳入选编范围)担任客座总编时承担的翻译,总量近万行,如果按诗歌字数计算的通行规则(每10行为1000字),这相当于百万之数。这些零零散散的诗歌既有英译汉,也有汉译英,长短不一,而译者都能熟练而传情地翻译,这自然与译者的诗歌原创能力和曾经大量的翻译实践有着紧密的关系。海峰是个集创作、翻译和编辑为一体的杰出青年诗人翻译家。

面对数量如此之巨、时间跨度如此之大、诗歌类型如此之杂的"诗料",将其编撰成9本书并不容易。所幸,译者凭借其人脉优势迅速聚集起十多位编撰者,从高中教师到高校教授,从大学生到硕士生,每人各司其责,各选其题,仅仅3个月的时间,就让这一套译丛完成了定稿并陆续出版。效率之高不可谓不令人瞠目。需要强调的是,由于各自选题自有匠心,不同的选集会有一些相同的诗,这在所难免,也情有可原。如果硬性分割,互不重叠,恐怕难以体现编选者用心。优秀诗歌少量地同时编入不同名称种类诗集也属常见之态。

值得一提的是,这套丛书在美国亚马逊出版。众所周知,亚马逊网站发迹于图书,经过近30年的发展又回归图书,开拓了新式的图书出版模式,虽然尚不足以与兰登书屋等六大出版商为代表的传统出版业比肩,但也已经发出时代最强音。此次出版,是译者在出版策划方面的一次弄潮,也是其响应国家大政方针、

创新对外宣传方式、提高国际传播能力、主动塑造中国形象、发 出中国话语声音的积极探索。

作为总编,能见证并监督这么一套丛书的出版发行,我深感责任之重大,因为这套丛书意义之深远。首先,这套书能展现译者的十年成长,从这些译诗中不难发现译者在译笔的流畅度和译词选择方面的演绎;其次,这套书能在某种维度展现过去十年国际诗歌写作的发展,虽然这些诗可能只是国际诗坛之一管;再次,据我所知,这可能是第一套当代中国中年翻译家的翻译自选集,而且还是一个精于诗歌写作和翻译的诗人翻译家的译文系列——这也是名师出高徒最好的诠释。最后,也证明《国际诗歌翻译》总编张智博士的培养能力,是他为海峰等一批青年译家提供了展示能力的平台并真正具有国际视野和情怀并授权翻译权还鼓励海峰出版个人作品"全集"。我把这套书推荐给读者,希望你于此中发现一颗恒久的诗心。

李正栓 于海龙花园

General Editor's WORDS

What are the latest development and produce of poetry in the world? Indeed, this is a pressing question for Chinese poets, since only a few of them could directly respond to a poem written in a foreign language, and in most cases, they have to read renditions of poems to gain some insight. Fortunately, quite a number of poetry periodicals run columns to introduce and transmit foreign poems via translations of them. However, it remains an arduous and almost impossible mission to represent the panoramic view of world poetry with only a pitiful few translated versions of the selected poems, some of which are not "contemporary" at all.

On this occasion, I felt compelled to give its due honor to Rendition of International Poetry, formerly known as The World Poets Quarterly, the only multi-language quarterly of modern poems translation in the world. Since its first issue released in 1995, the periodical has run over 106 issues in nearly 30 years, introducing more than 4,000 poets to the readers and offering 11,000 translated versions of poems in 200,000 lines of 20 million words. It was through the introduction of Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, I personally came to know the executive editor-in-chief Dr. Zhang Zhi and the guiding principle for him to initiate this quarterly—"eclectic" for his poetry selection, therefore he had rallied around him world class poets, translators and professors, including Dr. Yu Haitao, Dr. Choi Laisheung and Dr. Rosemary C. Wilkinson as the founding fathers for this periodical, and later he invited a galaxy of translators as guest editors, including Yang Chenhu (Yang Xu), Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, Yang Zongze, Madam Cherry, Yin Xiaoyuan, Haifeng Yan (Brent Yan), Dr. Tongtian Jianri, Shi Yonghao, Ma Tingting, Ding Liqun and Lin Qiao'er. So far, it has translated and published poem collections

by poets from over 30 countries and 400 poem selections in more than 20 languages, serving as an intersection for international cultural exchange by introducing Chinese poems abroad and poems in other languages to the Chinese readers as well. Meanwhile, this periodical is a launchpad for some Chinese poets to gain international recognition and some have won the national literary awards from Greece, Brazil, US, Israel, France, India, Italy, Austria, Lebanon, the Republic of North Macedonia, Kosovo, Bengal, India, etc. In poem selection, Dr. Zhang insists on publishing the most up-to-date poems by both renowned and new poets from a wide range of countries and regions and the periodical has been especially appreciated for promoting new poets. In poem translation, Dr. Zhang Zhi holds quality first principle, and most of the translations are done by renowned translators—I myself have often been assigned translation tasks directly by him. It is for his constant aspiration for the premiumquality poems and translations that this quarterly has developed into a unique platform for Chinese poets and translators to gain knowledge of the latest poem writing trends in the world and to hone their translating skills.

Serving as one of the guest editors, Prof. Haifeng Yan (pennamed Muxi Yan in Chinese Pinyin, English name Brent Yan or B.O.Y) was born to a family of a profound literary tradition. For the influence of his grandfather, a country teacher, at a fairly early age, he was exposed to the backbone of Chinese ancient classics, namely "the four books and five classics", which had kindled his lasting interest in poetry and learning as a whole. Years later, this bright pupil of a scholarly grandfather grew into an upright, vigorous, and prodigiously gifted poet and scholar-it is very rare to have these shining qualities to be found collectively in one so young. In his postgraduate years for a MA degree, he had been trained by the late master translator of Chinese Classics, Prof. Wang Rongpei, with

whom, he had done a substantial amount of translation and developed a serious attitude towards it. In the DA phase, he had followed his famous poet translator supervisor Wang Jianzhao to delve deeper into the studies of European-American poetry, and American poetry in particular. If love of poetry is his "inner beacon", he is always walking in the beam of it. Besides these scholarly influences, he draws heavily on life, both on social and natural levels- on the one hand, he has shown much interest in social events and try to approach them from different aspects and on the other, love of his people and land is born in his vein, nourishing him all the while. Till now, he had been engaged in traditional Chinese poetry writing for more than 30 years, and some of his traditional Chinese poems had been published in his poem collection A Page of Rill and Hill. He is also good at composing new poems, which are collected in *Cruel Moon*, and some single poem creations and translations are occasionally published in Poetry Periodical, Jiangnan Poetry Periodical, etc. Over the past 20 years, he had published 20 poem collections. In 2021, he planned and worked as editor-in-chief for an ambitious book series titled *Orient*-Occident Lit Collection(OOLC), for which—thanks to his charismatic leadership—he had gathered the most talented people in this field to publish over 20 books in a variety of languages in a dozen countries, exerting quite a positive impact on overseas readers.

On *Rendition of International Poetry*, Brent has published his poem renditions for ten years. In 2021, he thought it was the right time to compile these renditions into distinct poem translation collections based on themes or genres. After being authorized by the editor-in-chief Zhang Zhi, he invited me to be the editor-in-chief for his new poetry collection series, with which I gladly complied.

The translation series is titled *BOY Translation of International Poetry Series*, which will mainly publish poems and translated versions done in the past ten years when the periodical was still titled

The World Poets Quarterly. Excluding those published after the periodical changed its name, the translated works mount to nearly 10 thousand lines and 100 thousand words in total, if computed according to the general rule, that is, every ten lines in a poem is equal to 1,000 words. Taken into consideration the great diversity in length and form and shift in languages (from English to Chinese and vise versa), it is quite an accomplishment for a young scholar, a virtuoso, a professional editor and an outstanding poet-translator. What amazes me more is that Brent had all the talent, patience and passion to translate each line with great proficiency and accuracy, acquired through his poetry writing talent and voluminous translation practice.

However, it is not easy to sort out and edit these poems and renditions into 9 books due to their bulky volume, long span over time, and diversity in pattern. Fortunately, Brent could attract a dozen more editors to work with him. It is indeed a stellar team of scholars, ranging from high school to university teachers, bachelors and masters of arts. With each responsible for a specific theme and subject, these people, with a stunning efficiency, helped to edit and publish his books within three months. To best embody Brent's creativity in themes and genres choice, a few poems and translations are allowed to be anthologized in different books. It is actually quite a common practice in poetry collection editing.

As for the publishing agent—the American Publishing Inc., it is quite a success story in its field, an enterprising agency that endeavors to emulate the six traditional publishing giants, led by Random House. In 30 years of development, it has made a strong return to book publishing with more innovative ideas pertain to the modes of publication. Therefore, this series is a trend-setting attempt made by the editor-translator, an active step forward, echoing Chinese national promotion policies, to meet our needs for cultural transmission, to demolish the old and build a new Chinese image and to let our true

voice be heard.

To be an editor-in-chief is a huge responsibility, but it is also my honor to witness and supervise the publication of such a groundbreaking series, which is not only the fruition of a translator's ten years of hard work, but an encapsulation of world poetry innovations in ten years. As far as I know, this is the first translation selection of a contemporary middle-aged translator, and it best represents the author's great language proficiency and thorough understanding and ease in choice of diction in both SL and TL. The series speaks to the proverb, "Like a teacher, like a student", because it is a sort of "the laying on of hands" by a series of master translators, from whom Brent has gained a keen perception of poetry and translation. For example, Dr. Zhang Zhi, with a global view and broad mind, has authorized and encouraged him to publish his translation selection, after he had provided him an editor's platform in his periodical. I deem it my great honor to present this series to the reader, in the hope that all will be delighted to find a poetic mind as they read through the poems.

Dr. Li Zhengshuanat Hailong Garden
Translated by Wu Chunxiao

章推・荐・辞 章

不忘诗心, 向译而生

诗,不可译。

然而, 诗, 一直在译。

汉诗不可译,不可让中国人来译。但是,中国人一直在译: 他们不仅把英语诗翻译成汉语,还把自己的汉语诗,翻译成外文。 20世纪80年代,国内从事汉诗英译的人数,开始显增,当今尤 甚。

据我小时候的记忆,国内很多诗刊,以发表中国诗人的作品为主;后来,偶然见到外国诗人诗作的汉语译文。而在过去的一、二十年里,一些诗刊开始辟出"汉诗英译"的栏目,这说明诗歌翻译的方向,从单向变成了双向:英诗汉译之外,增加了汉诗英译。英诗汉译,是外国诗歌的输入;汉诗英译,则是中国诗歌的输出。

高手在民间。好诗在民间。汉诗英译,中国诗歌走出去的工作,竟然也在民间。我记得大概十七、八年前阅读一本诗学专著,其中一句话令我兴奋:中国诗人为了让中国诗歌走出去,他们创办了一本《国际汉语诗坛》的诗刊。

之所以兴奋,因为《国际汉语诗坛》(又先后更名为《世界诗人》和《国际诗歌翻译》)正是我当时每期必译的一本诗刊。这本多语种混语版的诗歌季刊,由重庆诗人张智博士 1995 年创办,至今走过 27 个春夏秋冬。记得 2004 年冬,我偶然与张智博士通过邮件取得联系,虽不见面而"钟情"于彼此,从此开启了我数十年如一日的译诗之路。某日,到许渊冲先生家里拜访,他

说:"你与张智博士的合作,非常好!"遂聘先生为诗刊的艺术顾问。我与《国际诗歌翻译》,也如胶似漆,日渐情深而意浓。后来,办刊之外,张智博士又策划"世界诗人书库"和"帝国诗丛",出版了大量的多语种诗集,由美国俄亥俄州环球文化出版社出版。27 年来,《国际诗歌翻译》聚集或培养了一批诗的译者。主编张智博士倔而强之:为其翻译者,必定为诗人。

颜海峰博士就融诗人、译者、学者于一身,他已为《国际诗歌翻译》奉献十多年。而今,海峰博士将其在原《世界诗人》以往过刊中发表的译诗汇总整理,肩挑策划与统筹,邀集起一个十数人的编译团队,结集出版为"木樨国际诗歌译丛",作为其主编的大型文学系列丛书"东西文翰大系"下的一个子集,并通过美国亚马逊出版集团全球发行——幸甚至哉!

巧了。我几年前跟张智博士说过,《国际诗歌翻译》已经多年,刊登了数不胜数的各国好诗,可以考虑出版精选系列。张智博士欣然,但由于资金短缺等问题,此事搁置下来。现海峰博士张罗此事,我闻之一喜,虽然只是将其一人的译作精选,却也是开了一个好头。译路同行者,其心也灵犀。

近年来,浏览英美出版的国际诗歌选集,偶然可见中国诗人之英文译作,倍感欣喜。

中国诗歌,正在走出去。愿我们 不忘诗心。愿我们 向译而生。

> **张智中** 2022 年 3 月 10 日凌晨 津门松间居

RECOMMENDATION

Faithful to a Poetic Heart, Connate with a Rendering Mind

Poem is untranslatable.

However, poem is always being translated.

Chinese poems are untranslatable, and can't be translated by Chinese people. However, Chinese people are always doing the translation: they not only translate English poems into Chinese, but also translate Chinese poems into foreign languages. From the 1980s, the number of people engaged in translating Chinese poems into English began to increase in China. And it is gaining stronger impetus nowadays.

According to my childhood memories, there were many domestic poetry periodicals at that time, mainly engaged in publishing works of Chinese poets; later, they would occasionally publish Chinese translations of foreign poems. In the last one or two decades, some poetry periodicals began to set up the column of "English Translation of Chinese Poems", which indicated that translation direction of poems had changed from one-way to two-way: in addition to Chinese translation of English poems, there was also English translation of Chinese poems. Chinese translation of English poems is the input of foreign poems; while English translation of Chinese poems is output of Chinese poems.

There are many unofficial masters, and there are many good poems that are deemed unofficial. English translation of Chinese poems, namely the project of promoting the go-out of Chinese poems, has been undertaken mostly by the unofficial. I remember a poetic monograph I read about seventeen or eighteen years ago, a sentence of which made me excited: In order to enable Chinese poems to go

out, Chinese poets issued a poetry periodical named *The Chinese Poetry International*.

I felt so excited because The Chinese Poetry International (which was then renamed The World Poets Quarterly before Rendition of International Poetry) was just one of the poetry periodicals that I partook the translation at that time for each issue. Edited by Dr. Zhang Zhi, a poet from Chongqing, from 1995, this poetry quarterly in multi-languages has survived for 27 years. I remember that in winter of 2004, I got in contact with Dr. Zhang Zhi via e-mail, we "fell in love" with each other though not meeting in reality, and from then on I started my persevering translation of poems for several decades. One day, when I called on Mr. Xu Yuanchong in his home, he said to me: "You and Dr. Zhang Zhi have made a very good cooperation!" Upon his words, I invited him on behalf of the magazine as art consultant to the periodical. I also became inseparable from the then World Poets Quarterly, nurturing even deeper love toward it. Later, in addition to establishing the periodical, Dr. Zhang Zhi also planned The Book Series of the World Poets (Bilingual) and Book Series of the Empire Poetry, and published many collections of poems in multiple languages in The Earth Culture Press, Ohio, USA. Over 27 years, Rendition of International Poetry has gathered or cultivated a batch of poem translators. Dr. Zhang Zhi the editor-in-chief adhere strictly to the principle: the translators of poems must be poets.

Dr. Yan Haifeng(Brent Yan, B.O.Y) is a poet, translator and scholar at the same time, and he has been dedicated to *Rendition of International Poetry* for more than a decade. Now, Dr. Yan makes summary and sorting of his translated poems published in the previous issues of *The World Poets Quarterly*, shoulders the planning and coordinating tasks, and sets up a compiling team of more than ten members, to publish them as *BOY Translation of International Poetry* in the form of collection, serving as a subset of a larger literary

series i.e. *Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC)* to which he was the general editor, and publish them to the globe via Amazon Publishing—I'm delirious with joy!

What a coincidence. I have once said to Dr. Zhang Zhi several years ago that, our magazine has been existed for many years and has published numerous excellent poems from various countries, and it's time to consider publishing select series. Dr. Zhang Zhi agreed gladly, but this matter was laid aside due to shortage of funds and other obstacles. Now hearing that Dr. Yan is working on this, I feel very happy, and although he only selects his own translations, this makes a good start indeed. Those who engage in translation have alike mind in translation.

In recent years, when browsing international anthologies of poems published by the western world, we can occasionally see English translations of Chinese poems, toward which I feel very happy.

Chinese poems are going out. I hope we can—always be faithful to a poetic heart. I hope we can always be connate with a rendering mind.

Zhang Zhizhong

Early in the morning of March 10, 2022 Songjian Hut, Tianjin 翻译是一种信息的传递,亦即逐字逐句的沟通与交流。诗的翻译则是一个灵魂和另一个灵魂的拥抱。俄顷,一个新的灵魂因缘而诞生。随后,这新的灵魂便踏上了自己的求索之旅,在翻过一个又一个偶然的陡坡与沟坎之后,终于抵达某个必然的所在一一那适宜的时间和地点。于是,它就不着痕迹地钻进读者的身体,开始了一种与翻译类似的传递,前述那热烈的拥抱遂得以复现,并最终催发了肉与骨、血与心脏在内部的变异与重组,由此铸造了又一个灵魂……

汪剑钊 2022年3月18日 育新花园

RECOMMENDATION

Translation is the transference of information, viz. a word-forword communication and exchange. While the translation of poems is the embrace of a soul and another, after which a new soul is born thereupon. Then the new soul starts its own journey, climbing over steep slopes and ravines one by one, before arriving at some necessary being—the fitting time and location, where it'd sneak untraceably into the body of a reader to commence another transference like translation. The aforementioned embrace is thus reproduced and, in turn, it promotes the inner reforming and regrouping of bone and flesh, heart and blood, to forge another soul...

Wang Jianzhao

March 18, 2022

Yuxin Garden, Beijing

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赞美诗(外二首)

朱立坤





Anthem (and another two poems)

Zhu Likun

A wisp of sharp morning breeze
hails from the future direction
like a bunch of roses
overcasting half
of my quietly-lost
lifetime
Ah, the Almighty God
all through my life
only to
those unhappened
happiness and bitterness
will I be indebted

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第66期)

百年之后

朱立坤

一棵 穿过喉咙的 枳壳树 代替我 衰败的躯体 继续呼见 在它上熟睡的斑鸠 放大了寂 歌唱的寂寞

爱和痛 只是远方幽暗的星辰





Zhu Likun

A citron
that pierces
my throat
continues its breath
in place of my
ruined body
upon which
there is a flock of sleeping culvers
magnifying the singing loneliness
of tonight

Love and pain are just the stars in the distant darkness

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第66期)

无题

朱立坤

人声 灯影 夜的冷 你嘴角的沧桑 隐秘的记忆 筛落一地的 春天 多过初次见你时的 怯色 死亡在红月亮 遥远的茅舍 引吭高歌 绽放的一秒 长于 十次永恒 爱情加红烧猪肘 我的青春 朝一千个不同的方向 我回家 虚无让我的生命 无所不在

005



Zhu Likun

Voices Lamp shadows Coldness of the night The vicissitudes upon your face The covert memories An all-over-the-place spring are more than the shyness I noticed in you at the first time Death belts out a song in the remote hut of the red moon The blossoming second is longer than the eternal love of ten times plus braised pork knuckle My prime heads for a thousand different directions I go home Nothingness turns my life into Immanence

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第66期)

空镜子(组诗)

木樨颜

1

空镜子 该 照向哪个方向 才能叫做空 如果有所谓真空的话

2

生活 复杂得 像一面空镜子 什么都逃不掉 什么都纳不入

3

爱不到的那须臾 看镜子里的你 可注意到 身后的那片蓝天?

4

另一个清醒的我 是否还能酩酊? 饮郑燮的醍醐 啜解渴的酸雨

Void Mirror (group poems)

B.O.Y

1

In which direction should a void mirror be set to make it void if there is real void

2

Life complicates itself like a vacant mirror letting out nothing letting in nothing

3

The second when you feel no love look at yourself in the mirror Do you find the blue sky behind?

4

Can the other sober me be intoxicated again? Drinking a muddled refresher Quenching my thirst with acid rain 在心照不宣的社交中依然能见性成佛?

5 你在真实的梦呓中 雄辩 台下是喝倒彩的听众 异次元空间 是一面空镜子 照见你孤单的身影





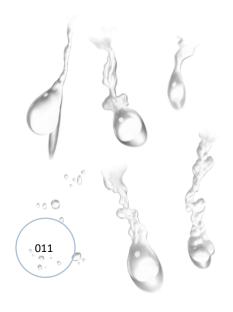
Can I still be enlightened to be a budda in this sophisticated society?

You
talk forcibly
in the real sleeptalking
below the stage is the booing audience
The paralleled space
is a vacant mirror
reflecting your solitary figure

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第68期)

老来的誓言

史英





Thistles and thorns are all over the bumpy road that I have taken in most of my lifetime Never like cutting greens smoothly with a knife I took every step with much difficulty Always I would stain myself like I swing my blade to chop up the bones With fierce persistence and willpower I had repeatedly penetrated the brambles and dodged the pitfalls and finally walked out of the adversity Decades of bitter wind and rain though I had weathered

The old me is as sincere as what I used to be Here I take my vow to give out my afterglow to all before my life ends like the setting sun to fall

(原译载干《世界诗人》总第68期)

行医的感触

史英



On Practicing Medicine

Shi Ying

The career of practicing medicine, cold and hot in turn is the water source

The gully splashing with the pearl-like sound always gushes out from my heart and accidentally turns into a creek weeping secretly to save a life on a cliff from falling. It is just like setting off celebrating fireworks. Satisfaction explodes with a loud crash. When the line of death is witnessed broken an awl-pricked pain pierces the heart. For decades of years. I have always been living like this

(原译载干《世界诗人》总第68期)

梦想

史英

有幽香含于内 为含苞的花 经心窝那沃土的培育 又被 岁月所引发雨露 更翻滋润下 渐绽放 芬芳由是如蝶轻飘飞 为人间添彩





Shi Ying

A delicate aroma is contained within
A flower in bud
Nurtured by the rich soil in the heart And then
nourished again and again
by the rain and dew accumulated through the years
Gradually it flowers
The aroma flutters like a butterfly
adding color to the world

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第68期)

敲响语言的大钟

马科

我愿意从今夜开始 敲响语言的大钟 做为末亡声音的守护者 喑哑的激情 沉默的怀念 深切的悲悯 逃逸的正义 ——致哀!





Toll the Big Bell of Language

Ma Ke

From this night I wish to toll the big bell of language to be the defender of the dying voice
The mute passion The silent memory
The profound sympathy The escaping justice
—Amen!

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第69期)

黎明

木兰

穿破黑夜的茧 带着年轻的诺言 给所有的等待 一个石破天惊

骚动的原野 又走进一次轮回 一首叮当的童谣 落在古老的水车边

花儿开了 果实在襁褓中裂变 婴儿的啼哭 已把每扇窗户打开





Mu Lan

Break the cocoon of the dark night
Bring along the promises of the young
Give all the wait
a startling surprise

The riotous champaign again walks into another transmigration A tinkling nursery rhyme is sung by the ancient waterwheel

Blooming are the flowers whose fruits split in the swaddling clothes

The crying of the baby has opened every window

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第69期)

树下爬满了青草(外二首)

林新荣

那棵树栽在河湾 还有一些树栽在河湾 它们随意地站立着

树下爬满了青草 青草其实不叫青草 它们一片一片地 可以叫静谧、安逸 抑或叫舒适

流水不是很充沛 它们如意,而欢腾着 恣意地淌着 它们腾起的水花 只是生活的一个小章节 就像我们在林间奔跑着

多么专一。它们欢歌着—— 一路,你听不见,却时时感受到 日子是 日月轮换,时起时落



Green Grass Under the Tree (and another two poems)

Lin Xinrong

The tree grows by the river bend And more trees grow by the river bend They stand there as they please

Under the trees covers the green grass
Which in fact cannot be called green grass
And which rambles about here and there
And which could be called stillness, ease
Or coziness

The water is not so profuse
Yet it is contented, flowing in rejoice
and recklessness
The sprays it stirs up
Are no more than a small chapter in life
It's just like we are running in the wood

How undivided! It sings cheerfully all along
You cannot hear but sense all the time
That the time and tide
Would flow and ebb alternatively

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第70期)

时光:远去的院落

林新荣

多想成为你手中的线,陪你坐在纺车前被你温柔地牵出 一筐洁白的棉,一锭锭纱 ——只要笑,就露出洁白的牙

树荫下 小院落:黄狗,鸡,两个少女 屋檐下晃着腊肉 它们都是听着沙沙的纺纱声 长大的……哦 天边的雷声已经响起 但是现在她们是如此的恬静!



Time: Courtyard Receded

Lin Xinrong

How I wish to accompany you by the spinning wheel
To be the thread in your hand being pulled out tenderly
A basket of white cotton, spindles of yarn
-- so long as you smile, you reveal your white teeth

Under the tree
A small courtyard: yellow dog, chicken, two lasses
Bacon hanging from the eaves
They all grow up
with the spinning sound...Ah
Rumbling is the thunder on the horizon
Yet all of them are so tranquil as such!

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第70期)

黑色的光

魏鹏展

这是一个黑色的世界 我用黑色的光 寻找黑色的前路 黑色的手不能停下来 阴冷的黑洞里 我最怕没有声音的黑色 的是一个不需时钟的间 这是一个不不见的时间 咳嗽声的回音 告诉我该吃药了 我用黑色的光 寻觅没有颜色的小药丸





Wei Pengzhan

This is a dark world
Where I seek for the dark forward road
With dark light
And the dark hand cannot cease
I fear most in the dark and dank hole
The darkness without any voice
This is a world devoid of the need for a clock
But I know the invisible time
The echo of that cough
Tells me to take my medicine
So with the dark light
I seek for the little colorless pill

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第72期)

海葵

谷频

这水族博物馆更像下陷的岛屿 海葵把影子重叠在一起 一次次密谋出走,而迷恋的孩子们 在水底偶现惊慌,也许 他们的掌心都隐藏着鱼纹 海葵的每一根枝条 都是倾听的耳朵,在迅疾的潮流里 想获得摆脱一次海难的可能 那些湿润身体的不再是大海之水 在暗礁与激流的双重失记中 根茎的呼吸变得多么奢侈





Gu Pin

This aquarium is more like a sinking islet where the actinia overlaps their shadows plotting every time to escape, whereas the infatuated kids panic once in a while under the water, perhaps in their palms are hiding the veins of a fish Every wattle of the actinia is a hearkening ear trying to flee from a possible sea-peril in the turbulent wave What can moisten the body is no more the sea water In the double memory loss of the reefs and the riptide the breath of the rootstalk becomes extravagant

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第75期)

乡愁(组诗)

史英

曾因故旅居万里程外他国 短暂岁月后 乡愁便悄然暗生 似丝千百缕 把我魂牵引回到遥远狮城—— 那是我 诞生、成长的故土 每当一想起 眷恋之情顿起伏如潮 屡次拍响心之岸





Nostalgia (group poems)

Shi Ying

A sojourn in another country far away from home
Gives rise to a secret nostalgic longing
Only after a short period of time passed
The nostalgia is just like the silk of thousand threads
Pulling my heart and soul back to the distant Lion city
Which is my homeland
Where I was born and raised
Everytime when I think of this
The nostalgic yearning would surge
And lap the bank of my heart again and again

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第77期)

为宿愿而笔耕之期盼

史英

学历未曾攀上峰之巅 仅及半山腰 不气馁 以高尔基、沈从文 为榜样—— 锦旗般耀眼 我奋战在文学征途上 盼来日登上 一览众山小高处观景

为竖起人格上里程碑 一步一脚印 接力走 以包青天的无私 为模型—— 金光隐闪现 我奋战在文学征途上 盼来日塑造 水晶般一尘不染亮丽





Shi Ying

My diploma is not so high
Just halfway up a mountain
I am not discouraged though
With Gorkii and Shen Congwen
As my models
Who shine like banners
I strive on the way of literature
Hoping that I could make it
To the peak where I can overlook all

To reach the milestone of my integrity
I take steady steps each time
Nothing daunted
The selflessness of Justice Bao
Sets for me another example
Who gives off golden light
I strive on the way of literature
Hoping that I could make it
To the bright spotless crystal future

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第77期)

净化人格之主义

史英





Shi Ying

The thought to possess purism
Once flashed through my mind
Like a rainbow
Which was hidden
When a haze rose
And never appeared again
The mark left deep in my soul
Cannot be erased
Its catalysis still works—
Making me immune to seduction
And the greed for money
Thus my personality is kept lofty
And as clear as crystal

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第77期)

为爝火添油而奔波

史英

来回奔波于医学、文学领域 耗尽大半生精力 从未遇 有亮着的灯照明 阴暗里 常误踩荆棘 为夺标 忍痛一步一脚印而行 终在万千病黎中 赢火热诚信 终窜红国际文坛 获含香薄名 我不因此得意忘了形 只觉能为华族文化之爝火 迭添油 似蜂酿出蜜 不渎职 觉心情如沐春风那样清爽





Shi Ying

Earning a living in the field of medicine and literature Consuming energy for most of my life I never ran into A light kept on illuminating In the darkness Which making me often step on the briar For my destination I went on suffering the pain at each step And finally gained In the midst of diseases A popularity and reputation That make me noted in the literary arena Even so I will not be heady with success I just deem it my duty To refuel the torch of Chinese culture And not to fail it Which would be like the bee making honey By so doing I feel like I'm in the spring breeze

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第77期)

民族认同感已锐变

史英

不再视华文为扎根之土

以英语作为心灵沟通媒介海外的华裔 从年幼直到成年 思维纯然西化的结果 民族认同已变质 本当视华文 为扎根之沃土那意念 从心头 稀烟般飘散—— 若是将他们的心 均喻系铁片 神州不再具滋场效应





Sharp Change in Sense of Ethnic Identity

Shi Ying

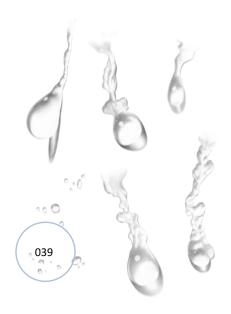
1.

Chinese Language-No Longer the Native Soil

With English as the media of communication
The overseas Chinese
Has got their mind westernized
From childhood to adulthood
Changing gradually their sense of ethnic identity
Which should be considered
As the original soil to root
This thought, however
Is dispersing like the fog
If their heart is likened
To a metallic piece
China would no more be the magnetic field

峇峇族群之形成有导因

失去扎根之沃土 纯洋化华裔 似浮萍 在水中随风飘摇 虽相距咫尺 闻不到泥的气息 求存于狮城 如是族群密如林 不再与 神州的远祖认同





2

Cause for Peranankan

Having lost the soil to root
The foreignized Chinese
Is just like the duckweed
Drifting in the wind on the water
Though it is a small distance
No smell of the dirt can reach
The Lion city where they survive
Hence the numerous groups
Acknowledge no more their identity
As the offspring from the far Chinese ancestors

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第77期)

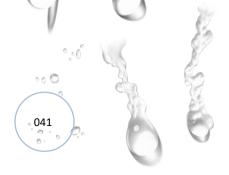
牛和草的谈话

木樨颜

不能做还不能想么 不能想还不能梦么 你的胆子在想上 我的胆子在梦里 其实都是蓄积已久的火山 胸膛里其实都是滚烫的

只需一个契机或者 哪怕是一次遥远地震的余波 你的想也许更大胆 我的梦也逊色不了许多 一个是寂静的内心独白 一个是脱缰的灵魂叙说 在这喑哑了真实的虚假里 我需要周公,你需要弗洛伊德

别只打开我的思想的闸门 别只放开我的灵魂的绳索 即便是大雪冰封了整个天国 请让我发声,让我能有一次赤裸 让我活得洒脱,而不是偏僻的寂寞



Talk Between the Cow and the Grass

B.O.Y

Couldn't I just think if I am not allowed to do
Couldn't I just dream if I am not permitted to think
You guts are all about thinking
While mine are about dreaming
Which actually are the dormant but poised volcanoes
Inside which are burning and boiling
What is needed is no more than a chance
Or an aftershock from a remote earthquake

Your thinking is probably more daring
My dream, however, is also bold beyond comparing
Yours is a silent monologue inside
And mine a murmuring by a runaway soul
In this fake reality that has been hushed
I need a dream-reader and you a Freud

Don't just open the water gate to my mind Don't just loosen the rope around my soul Please let me speak, give me a chance to be naked Even in this heaven sealed by snow storm I'd be free and easy instead of being lonesome

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第78期)

红蓝两色皆偏好(外三首)

史英

具有烈焰的热能 曾点燃 理想中爝火 我因之而迷恋红色 从满头青丝 直到霜染鬘际白 火样的赤诚 未冷却 从来就偏好蓝色 那碧水般柔 似一道过犹无形的堤 筑在心坎上 不因冷如霜现实 一刮风 而掀起巨浪 心境如湖只微漾 红与蓝水乳般交融 形成了 一连串铿锵音符 在我生命中 奏起和谐的旋律 为晚年岁月 添美韵 成驱寂寞催化剂

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Red and Blue are All My Favorite (and another three poems) Shi Ying

The fire-like energy once Set the torch of my ideal On fire, for which reason I am attached to the color of red From my youth with black hair To the time I am grey with age The fire-like sincerity Never gets cold Also I like the color of blue Which is as tender as the green water Built on my heart Like an invisible dike Never surges a giant wave From the wind For the chilly reality My heart ripples like a lake Where blue and red mingles To make A series of sonorous notes In my life This harmonious tune is played For my senior days And becomes a melody And a way to dispel the loneliness

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第78期)

童声

史英

从数千里外传来童声 发自四龄孙口中 似甘露 滴落在心坎分外清甜 说得上 系奏响音乐一串旋律 听起来 如珠般圆亮又轻盈





Shi Ying

The voice of a child
Carries thousands of lis to me
A four-year-old grandson's voice
Drips like the dew
On my heart, fresh and cool
It sounds even like
A melody from a song
And as clear and crisp as a crystal

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第78期)

温室之花不识寒滋味

史英

老视纸上知识为美酒 常品尝 藉以自娱而陶醉 人间疾苦从不曾面对 自不知药涩滋味 如是的书生 纵然才智闪毫芒 亮丽胜过珠 置夜里 却乏街灯引路的光亮





Greenhouse Flowers Know not Cold

Shi Ying

If knowledge is acquired only through book
And savored like tasty wine
If self-entertainment and intoxication is reached
Without knowing anything about the worldly sufferings
And even the bitter taste of medicine
A pedant bookworm like this
Would be brighter than a street lamp
Even though he is endowed
With wits and wisdom
Which shine brightly
In the dark night

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第78期)

情谊难续哀叹调

史英

年轻时友情浓稠如墨 生活酿风霜 吹袭下 老来终淡化成水 昔相聚火热的交谈 不复有 偶遇竟擦肩而过 只挥手表意 谊似断了线风筝 飘飞而去难望见影踪





Shi Ying

When young, friendship is ink-thick
With the wind and frost of life
Getting bitter and bitter
It finally becomes bland like water
The once heated discussions in gatherings
Are no longer
We would even brush past each other
With only a wave of the hand
The friendship resembles a broken-lined
Kite flowing away and vanishing

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第78期)

在今晚的月光下

林之云

今天是一个古老的日子 今夜的天空长满雪白雪白的胡须 今晚只有李白和苏轼们 在看不见的高处唱歌 他们杯中的酒 溢出来 打湿流浪者的眼睛

轻手轻脚的月光 今晚步履沉重 在故乡的屋顶行走 母亲从梦里起身 念叨着 把一件御寒的秋衣 披在我遥远的心上

窗外 到处是月光洁白的羽毛 今晚,所有的河流 都朝家的方向淌去 无数的乡愁 都堵塞在去月亮的路上



Under the Moonlight of Tonight

Lin Zhiyun

Today is an ancient day
Tonight snow-white beard comes out from the sky
when in the evening there'd be only Li Bai and Su Shi
singing at a high place not visible to man
Their wine flows over the cup
moistening the eyes of the itinerants

The usually light moonshine walks heavily tonight on the roof of childhood home Mama is getting up from dream, muttering and throwing a coat over my distant heart to keep me warm

Outside the window are the white feathers of the moon All the rivers of tonight are flowing in the direction of home and countless trains of nostalgia jam up the road to the moon

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第80期)

雾

木樨颜

我隐身到雾色中去 谁也看不到我,包括我自己 我茫茫的眼神无人触碰 没有人搭手扶起我摔倒的心

呼吸变得越发急促 逼仄 所有的人都抬起头来叫嚣着 狠狠地咒骂着那曾经瓦瓦的蓝 太阳迷失了,在你我吐出的 霾中。这一盆仍然鲜活的绿 再也不敢嘲笑济南的冬天





I conceal myself in the mantle of fog No one, including me, could even find me My misty and blurry eyes meet nothing My heart stumbles and no one cares to help

Harder and shorter becomes the breath All of them raise their heads into a hue and cry Cursing cruelly at the once shining blue azure The sun has gone stray, in the smog exhaled Together by yous and mes. The still fresh green Hence dare not deride the winter of Jinan

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第81期)

传统思潮已退化(组诗)

史英

香火延续的华族传统 若浓稠如膏 而今西化思潮冲刷下 已淡化—— 青年男女缔婚后 有些人 视生育儿女 为束缚自由桎梏 只渴望追求 两人世界温馨的情趣



Degenerating Traditional Thought (group poems)

Shi Ying

As thick as cream
But now weakens against
The wave of western ideology—
Some of the young couples
After they got married
Consider it to be shackles
To bear sons and daughters
They are dying just for a world
Full of sweet enjoyment for both

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第81期)

重逢分外乐

史英

分别六十载之久 旧同窗 情谊一如丝 被生活所酿风霜 吹袭下 全然断裂飘散去 而今偶重逢 齐相聚 怀旧那导火线引燃下 一桌欢笑频闪烁 缘复续 快乐似蜜甜心头





Shi Ying

After a departure of three score years
The friendship of former classmates
Became a thin thread of silk
Which is cut off and blown away
By the wind and frost of life
But now as we encounter
Each other and reunite
The fuse of nostalgia is lit
To set us to laugh with joy
Hence the silk is connect again
Brimming our heart over with sweetness

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第81期)

终有释闷时

史英

谋生如同磨石不停转 重压下 胸中积闷难以释 当新春佳节 为推开心之窗时 暂获得 离岛去寻乐闲暇 度假僻静处 携眷同享含香天伦乐



Relief Would Come Finally

Shi Ying

Making a living is like a mill grinding
Without stop. Under high pressure
Gloom in heart cannot be lifted
When the Spring Festival comes
Window to the heart can be opened
For a short period when I'd leave
The island for a leisure time
To have a vacation in a secluded place
And enjoy the family life with beloved

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第81期)

由衷之言我道出

史英

在不同领域作出无私贡献 无疑系照明路况 夜里一盏灯 我虽已拥有但不自傲 与千百亮点 一同在人生征途闪出微光 我深知 须以谦让所制罩护着 且要常添油 一旦风雨袭来时始不致灭





Shi Ying

Unselfishly I devoted myself to works
Of different fields, which makes me undoubtedly
a lamp illuminating the roads in the night
Accomplished though, I don't pride myself
Just along with the other lamps
I gleam during my long journey of life
For I know very well
That I should be modest as always
And be refilled with oil to avoid
Being blown off in case of wind and rain

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第81期)

无题

史英

狂风卷起灰雾布满天 致碧色消失 把洁亮如境明月遮暗 继之又要将 闪烁星群全遮去 然似针毫芒 穿透雾网仍发射不已





Shi Ying

The gale sweeps up the grey fog
All over the sky to veil the azure
Darkening the mirror-like moon
And then they are about
To conceal the shining stars
Which emit light penetrating
Through the fog like awns

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第81期)

安静地哼歌,安静地养蚕

李美坤

记不记得那些年 母亲背着你采桑回来 在簸箕边,哼唱的童谣

记不记得母亲的黑辫子上 你的鼻涕,和草屑 还有你小手中旋转的风车

记不记得深夜的油灯下 母亲安静地盯了一眼蚕 仍在穿针引线······

记不记得那些蚕 好像永远也吃不饱 一点一点,吞噬着母亲的岁月



Hum and Raise the Silkworm

Li Meikun

Do you remember in those years the ballad mother hummed by a winnowing fan after plucking the mulberry leaves with you on her back

> Do you remember your snivel the straw bits on the black braids of mother and the pinwheel twirling in your hands

Do you remember in the oil lamp light at midnight mother glanced at the silkworm and went on with her sewing...

Do you remember the silkworms It seemed that they'd never be fed up and inch by inch they gnaw away mother's life

(原译载干《世界诗人》总第83期)

命(外二首)

左右

我挖了一个坑。挖了一会儿 看着它 又把它埋上。我为命运埋下的纸钱 没有人会知道





Fate (and another two poems)

Zuo You

I dug a pit. I had been digging it for a while

Then I looked at it
and filled it again. No one knows

what I buried for my fate

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第84期)

床前明月光

左右

月亮是天空赤露的锁骨 掉在夜布上的窟窿

就如同,我身体里隐秘的叫兽 我是这个时代的伤口 一把不能开口说话的刀 在每一个白天,它用时光 刮开我洁白的齿





Zuo You

The moon is a hole made by the dropping of a bare collarbone of the sky

Just like a roaring animal hiding deep inside me
I am a wound of this epoch
A knife who cannot speak
scrapes open my bright teeth
with time during every day

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第84期)

秘密

左右

那些死去的人 实际上他们还隐秘地活着

自从我知道了他们的名字 他们就一直跟着我

天还没亮,我就看到了他们 我赶上去,欢喜地看见很多星星被划来划去 变成火柴

他们划了一根 又点了一根。香烟在树上慢悠悠地吸着

他们跟我说了几句话就不见了





Zuo You

Those dead people they actually are still alive secretly

Ever since I knew their names they had been following me

Long before daybreak, I saw them So I hurried up, finding happily so many stars flying and changing into matches

They strike matches one after another. The cigarettes burning casually on the tree

They talked a few words with me and then vanished away

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第84期)

走过墓地

刘殿荣

那边 陵园,金碧辉煌 被人撅了 拿去考古

皇上 死不瞑目 珍珠 玛瑙 玉壶

这边 坟包,一群乌鸦 被香火 请来伴哭

庶民 梦也五谷 大豆 高粱 红薯

走过墓地的那一刻 不再乞求荣华富贵 不再留恋莺歌燕舞 只想带上种子 借着阳光 月光 春风 赶路

Walking Past the Graveyard

Liu Dianrong

Over there is the glorious imperial cemetery which was excavated for archeology

The king died without closing his eyes All those pearls, agate and jade pots!

Over here are just grave mounds over which a flock of crows are invited by the burning incense to mourn

Ordinary people see grains of all kinds even in dream soybean, sorghum, sweet potatoes

The moment I walk past the graveyard

I beg no more wealth and rank
I yearn no more for bird's singing and dancing

I just want to bring with me
the seeds and then hit the road
in the sunlight, moonlight and spring breeze

去那山 那水 那云 那雾 因为回头 不是岸 是墓

寻一桃源 让灵魂 早些 入土





For mountains, waters, clouds and mist because back there is no bank but tomb

I want to find an arcadia to rest my soul in peace as soon as possible

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第84期)

我说什么,它都能听见(组诗)

江睿

孵小鸡

一只鸡蛋 跑进了 卷纸的被窝 不知道明天 会不会 孵出一只小鸡

燕子

早上醒来 拉开窗帘 "呀" 突然看见一只燕子 流星一般滑过 然后不见了

臭鸭子

嘎嘎叫的鸭子 一上车 就安静了 难道 它也晕车



It Can Hear, All My Words (Group Poems)

Jiang Rui

Hatch

an egg
goes
under a quilt of paper
would it or not
hatch out
a chick tomorrow

Swallow

woke up in the morning drew the curtain ah! suddenly a swallow slipped by like a falling star and gone

Dumb Duck

a quacking duck shut his mouth as soon as he gets on the bus is he carsick too

小猫

小花猫见了妈妈就"瞄"、"瞄"、"瞄"地叫好像在嚷:"我饿了! 我饿了!"

热闹的树林

树上的鸟儿啼啭 唱出一首首动人的歌 知了也不甘落后 跟着"吱"、"吱"、"吱"地伴奏

毛毛虫

去年遇见的毛毛虫不见了 天这么冷,它去了哪儿 会不会冻着

顺风耳

那棵年轻的树上 长着一只顺风耳 我说什么 它都能听见

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a little kitten sees its mom and mews on and on as if cries: "I'm hungry" "I'm hungry!"

Bustling Woods

the birds are chirping on trees movingly one song after another the cicadas are afraid to lag behind so they accompany with their songs

Caterpillar

the caterpillar I found last year is gone so cold out there, where is it don't catch cold I wish

Clairaudience

the young tree over there
has clairaudience
she can hear
whatever I say

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第86期)

一辆开往秋天的绿皮车

谭凤

这是一辆绿皮车 绿吗?真绿 是一片生机勃勃的绿

我怀着绿的梦,上了车 我期待着车开往春绿 走着—— 走着—— 我看到了黄叶 我遇到了秋风 我面前是一潭死水——死水上的是白肚鱼 我遇到的是黄昏——是黄昏和满月的擦肩而过 ——是失去——是死亡 ——是死亡

我坐的不是一辆绿皮车吗 为什么我到达的却是秋天



A Green Train to Autumn

Tan Feng

This is a green train Is it green? Sure it is It is a lush and live green

With a green dream I get on it
Expecting it to head for spring green
On it, however
While I am on it
I see yellow leaves
I run into autumn wind
Ahead of me is a pool of dead water
On which float fish with white belly
What I run into is dusk—an encounter
between the dusk and a full moon
—a lost
—a death
—a departure

Am I on a green train? How come I am reaching autumn

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第86期)

叙利亚孤儿不会哭泣

辜义陶

叙利亚孤儿不会哭泣。

叙利亚孤儿不会哭泣, 只能站在战争的废墟上 睁大了一双惊恐的眼睛 打量天空与大地

尖叫的天空 死寂的大地

呆呆的他,永远也无法明白 这世界为什么要戴一副面具

叙利亚孤儿不会哭泣 他的泪水,就像家乡那条小河 早己经干涸 裸露的河床,坚硬的岩石 水草的尸体已腐朽,变质 一个炮火轰鸣的晚上 他失去了他敬爱的父亲 一个坦克隆隆的早晨 他失去了他亲爱的母亲 他失去了他亲爱的母亲 他能从密集枪弹中拣回一条命 幸存下来,已属了不起的奇迹

Syrian Orphan Won't Cry

Gu Yitao

Syrian orphan won't cry

Syrian orphan won't cry
He can only stand on the ruins of war
With his eyes wide open, frighteningly
Gazing at the sky and the earth

A screaming sky
And the earth quite dead

He looks dummy, no clue for ever About why the world put on a mask

Syrian orphan won't cry
His tears are like the water in the river
At hometown, which has run dry
Naked river bed, hard pebbles
The dead water plants decay and go bad
One bombarding night
He lost his beloved father
One tank-rumbling morning
He lost his dear mother
From the raging battlefield he should
Survive could be considered as a miracle

失去了双亲的孩子 一个孤儿 一棵野草 正在被朔风吹倒 被这个世界无情抛弃

叙利亚孤儿不会哭泣。

导弹覆盖的天空下 学校已成为一片废墟 家园更加是满目疮痍 没有花朵 没有草坪,也 没了蝴蝶 歌声已经被燃烧的战火焚毁 歌声已更是被燃烧的战火焚毁 没有课本 没有纸,更没有笔 上课的铃声 转化成空袭的警报 撕碎太阳,撕裂童真,希望破灭

叙利亚孤儿什么也没有,空空两手 子弹壳成为他唯一的玩具

叙利亚孤儿不会哭泣;

他从没有想到

有一天,他睁开眼睛醒来

A child who lost his parents

Reduced to an orphan

Is like a blade of wild grass

Blown violently by the north wind

And forsaken by the world

Syrian orphan won't cry

Under the dome where missiles fly
Schools are but ruins here and there
Not to mention the devastated home
No flowers
No lawn or meadow
No butterflies either
Song has taken over by bright bayonets
And satchels are burnt by war fire
No textbooks
No papers, no pencils either
The bell ring for class
Becomes the alarm for air attack
That lacerate the sun and childhood. Hope killed.

Syrian orphan has nothing in his bare hand Bullet shells are his unique toy

Syrian orphan won't cry
He didn't expect
To turn into an orphan one day

会成为一个孤儿 失去了爸爸,失去了妈妈 成为了这个世界的多余 一想到往后的日子 他的心就在滴血 没有牛奶,没有了面包 没有了粮食 饥饿成为他形影不离的伴侣

叙利亚孤儿不会哭泣。

在无人陪伴的长夜 他数着星星 数着自己 寻找童年那一颗记忆 他与它曾有一个秘密 一段悄悄 一段玫瑰 一道彩虹 可如今,满天尖啸的弹片 连星星也躲藏在云朵后 他唱起了伤心的歌谣 冰凉的夜晚已无人倾听

噩梦仍在继续 他们不会因他是孤儿就终止射击 可怜的孩子 只能躲在防空洞里打发光阴 He opened his eyes in the morning
Only to find his dad and mom gone
He became the unnecessary to the world
Thinking of the coming days of life
He would bleed in heart
No milk, no bread
No food at all
And starvation partners him henceforth

Syrian orphan won't cry

In the long night of no company
He counts the stars
And himself as well
Searching for his childhood memory
With whom he shares a secret
A private discourse
A red rose
A rainbow
But now splinters and shrapnel rustle in sky
Even the stars go hiding behind the clouds
He starts to sing a mournful song
Which finds no more listener in the cold night

The nightmare still lingers
They won't stop shooting just because his orphanhood
The poor kid
Has to hide in the air-raid shelter to kill time

这个世界 它不需要倾听 不需要倾听一个孩子的声音 不需要倾听一棵小草的呻吟 他们都非常忙碌 忙着用武力抢占地盘 忙着用武力抢占地盘 忙着用坦克巩固权力 历史,从开始的第一页 就沾满了无辜生命的血腥

万能的上帝
却始终保持着可耻的沉默
他的耳朵
只是一种摆设
他的瞎
常常是睁一只,闭一只
他什么也看不见
他什么也看不见
却享受看人世间膜拜,顶礼
缥缈的香火
模糊了狰狞的面具

叙利亚狐儿不会哭泣。

小小的年纪 他就承受了太多死亡的记忆 战争,是这个世界 经常玩弄的把戏 This world

Does not care to listen

To the voice of a kid

Or to the moaning of a blade of grass

The people in it

Are all busy with invading others with force

And reinforcing their power with tanks

History, from the very first page, is stained

With the blood of the innocent

The all-mighty God, however
Remains all along silent disgracefully
His ears
Are but a decoration
His eyes
Are always winking, in turn
He cannot hear anything
He cannot see anything
Yet he enjoys the worship from men
While the wafting incense smoke
Blurs his hideous look

Syrian orphan won't cry

At so young an age
He has burdened so much with death memory
War turns out
To be a game played often by the world

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那些挎着冲锋枪的士兵在耀武扬威 那些庞大的坦克横冲直撞,不可一时 对于普通百姓的死亡 这个世界司空见惯,目无动于衷

这个世界,已经越来越陌生 并且,经常变换着他的面具 这个世界 越来越血腥,恐怖,残酷 人间是巨大的停尸房 雾靄降临 寒冷,连呼吸也变得如此沉重 没有什么语言 能够安慰一颗破碎的心 包括,滚烫的风

风呀!如果你要吹 就猛烈些吧 雨呀!如果你要下 就来它一个大雨倾盆,江河暴涨 把这个世界的虚伪,丑陋 通通吹灭,无情涮洗

叙利亚孤儿不会哭泣, 子弹壳是他唯一的玩具

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Strutting around are those soldiers with submachine guns
Those giant tanks rampage here and there
To the death of common people
The world turns a blind eye

This world is becoming more and more detached

And more often than not changes its mask

It is becoming more

Bloody, frightening and ruthless

To make a huge mortuary of the earth

Smog befalling

Cold with it, breath turns to be heavier

No language

Can sooth a broken heart

Including the scalding wind

Oh, Wind! If you want to blow
Please be harder
Oh, Rain! If you are to fall
Please be pouring and fill full the rivers
To scour off all the vanity and ugliness
From this earth, utterly and heartlessly

Syrian orphan won't cry And bullet shells are his unique toy

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第89期)

雨天的瞳

薛武

踏着湿漉漉的大地 仿若养了两只淘气的猫咪

粘乎乎的 从头顶到脚底

抖落不了江南烟雨 就像耳边柔柔的故事

深邃的蓝色心空 它就这样单纯地看着我 和你





Xue Wu

Stepping on the ground wet is like keeping two naughty kitties

Sticky, From head to foot

No shaking off the mist and mizzle in the South of Changjiang River Soft stories whisper in the ear

It is looking at me and you just like this From the deep azure skies

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第89期)

看海的鸥

薛武

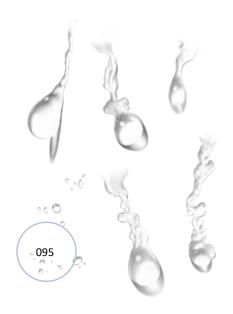
海鸥看着大海就像荣格看着弗诺伊德

看着鱼儿很像 千年的回忆碎片

梦里有桥梁 从灵魂到肉体

石头推着影子 浪向大海深处

张开凝缩或者移置的鳍 飞吧 历史



Seagull Observing the Sea

Xue Wu

Seagull observing the sea Is like Jung observing Freud

Fishes are quite like fragments From thousands of years' memories

There are in the dreams bridges From soul to body

The rocks pushing the shadows Wave towards the depth of the sea

Ah, history! Fly! Unfolding condensed or displaced dings

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第89期)

思乡

薛武

推开夕阳的窗户 看到十字 和尖顶的教堂

低矮的平房 空荡荡

时间拖走寂寞的它们 如同一张张吱吱嘎嘎的床

太阳回家了没有一丝灯光

天使耷拉着脑袋 思乡





Xue Wu

Pushing open the glowing window
I see a cross
And a church steeple

Low bungalows Seem bare and empty

Time is pulling away their loneliness One by one like a creaky bed

The sun is going back home With nott a single beam of light

The angel is drooping his head Missing his home

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第89期)

风情(外一首)

王爱红





Wang Aihong

Winter comes
And she asks me to keep warm
Summer comes
And she cautions me to keep from the heat
Every festive day
She would wish me happy
And her festive days are many
Like a close friend
She care so much about me
For several years
Compared with her
I am the fictitious
The inflexible
And a nuisance

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第90期)

梦见

王爱红

我看见了很多鱼 鱼很大 在我的身边游来游去

我的指尖 明显地触到了鱼 我清晰地感觉到 我是能够抓住它的

不是用网 可能网有点小 我是用刀 劈向水

我认为鱼像牛一样大 我使劲儿地砍 乱砍一气 我真的砍到了一头牛 是一头小牛犊 我快把它的头砍下来了 它疑惑地看着我 裸露着很大的伤口

我一下怔住了



I dreamt of many fish

Big ones

Swimming around me

My fingers
Touched one of them for real
And I felt clearly
I can catch it

Not with net
Which may be small
But with a knife
Slashing at the water

I found the fish big like a cow
I slashed at it
Violently
This time I caught one
A calf
I almost had its head off
It looked at me
With the wide open wound

I froze there

受伤的肯定不是一头牛 而是麒麟 或者是蛟龙 我的梦也随即醒来 它的伤也会即可愈合吗

在梦中 我记得我是在捉鱼 我用的武器是一种无意 比如手上锋利的刀 是不存在的





It can't be a calf that got hurt

It must be a unicorn

Or a dragon

I woke up at it

But can its wound heals at it too?

In the dream
I remember I was catching fish
My weapon is but the mindless mind
The sharp knife in real life
Does not exists

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第90期)

离乡那条路

徐英才

是一道纤绳 这头背在我肩上 那头 拴着我童年的全部 无论我走到哪儿 它都拽着我 走得越远 肩头越重

你我虽各在两头却从未分开过我携着你的积淀你牵着我的乡愁那纤绳上荡漾的是生命交响的节奏



The Road that Takes Me Away from My Hometown

Xu Yingcai

Is a tow rope
This end strapped on my shoulder
The other tied to my childhood
Wherever I go
It clings
And the farther I go
The heavier my shoulder feels

Although at different ends
We are never separated
I carry what you've rooted in me
And by my nostalgia you seize me
What makes the rope vibrate
Is a jointly performed symphony of life

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第90期)

脚步

徐英才

母亲胸前 常捧着一本泛黄的日记 里面满记着 我童年的稚气 扉页上 还有我出生时双脚的印记

这双脚 曾满屋蹒跚 在校园里欢跑 还在水田里耘过草 如今这双脚 已走到天涯海角 它们踩出的每一步 却从未离开过母亲的怀抱





Xu Yingcai

To her bosom

Mother often holds a time-worn diary

That has recorded

All my childishness

On the title page

Are my first footprints

This pair of feet
Have toddled at home
Run on campus
And also weeded in the paddy fields
Now this pair of feet
Have walked to a remote world
But every step I descend
Still touches mother's heart

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第90期)

铜雕

徐英才

凝住了 远走的风云

呐喊 是怒的长啸 策马 速的爆发 出刀 力的积蓄

那马蹄 仍在踏响 英雄生命的意义





Xu Yingcai

Has captured The long-gone wind and cloud

The shouting
Is a long howl of indignation
Spurring the horse
An outburst of speed
And drawing the sword
The gathering of all the strength

The horse's hooves
Still drum up
The meaning of the hero's life

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第90期)

岁月

徐英才





Xu Yingcai

Time-tempered
Therefore
Like a flint
Hard and intelligent
The more struck
The more it
Sparks

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第90期)

时光之风 (外一首)

曹有云

时光之风 从不可知的远方吹来 吹落了我的头发 我的牙齿 吹瞎了我的眼睛 吹干了我的皮肤、血液和骨头 然后 穿堂而过 吹向远方,更远方



The Wind of Time (another poem)

Cao Youyun

The wind of time
Comes from a mysterious distance
Cutting off my hairs
Loosening my teeth
Dimming my eyes
Drying up my skin, blood and bones
Before
Going through the hall
To a farther distance

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第91期)

雨水

曹有云

昨夜,雨水自东向西 呼啸而过

雨水落在母亲的坟头也落在我的心头

雨水渗透九层地宫落在漆黑的棺木上

雨水穿透金字塔落在法老干枯的额头上

雨水穿过重重云雾弥漫 落在太阳神庙日渐模糊的箴言上

雨水掠过激荡的密西西比河落在印第安人惊恐不安的梦里

雨水落在阿富汗贫瘠的山坳也落在华尔街健壮的公牛

雨水落在天河中央 也落在四只凝望的眼睛上

夜幕落在白昼坚挺的脊背上也落在孤独者沉默的嘴唇上

大河两岸



Cao Youyun

Last night, from east to west The rain roared past

It fell on my mother's grave
And my heart as well

It penetrated the nine-layer underground palace Reaching the dark coffin

It rained through the pyramids And fell on pharaoh's dry forehead

It passed through the mists and clouds And fell upon the fading motto of the Sun Temple

It washed over the rippling Mississippi River And trespassed in Indians' startled dreams

It swept through the barren Afghan coves
And sturdy bulls on the Wall Street

It fell in the middle of the Milky Way

And four staring eyes

Night fell on the strong back of daylight
And the silent lips of the lonely

The banks of the river

日出日落

大河两岸 人歌人哭

雨水落在两岸起伏的麦浪上 也落在起伏的头颅上

昨夜,雨水顺着母亲细密如画的发丝 打在我粘土带血的词根上





Has seen the sun's rises and sets

The banks of the river Has seen people's sing and crying

The rain fell on undulating wheat And heaving heads

Last night, the rain crept along the fine hair of my mother
And fell on word root, dusty and bloody

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第91期)

三只鸟

刘殿荣

一个有钱人 从花鸟市场买来三只鸟 每天清晨蹓鸟 晒鸟 和鸟儿一起舞蹈

可好景不长

- 一只饿死了
- 一只撞死了
- 一只飞走了

一个有权人 坐在家里就得到三只鸟 每天晚上赏鸟、玩鸟 和鸟儿一起撒娇

可好景不长

- 一只气死了
- 一只乐死了
- 一只逃走了

有钱人和有权人 临死也没能读懂羽毛 与灵肉之间的微妙

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Liu Dianrong

A man of fortune Bought three birds from the bird market. He walked the birds and aired them every morning, And danced joyfully with the birds.

> But it did not last long When one starved to death One hit the cage to kill itself And one fled from the cage

A man in power Received three birds just dwelling at home. He enjoyed the birds, flirted with the birds every night Spoiled the birds and got spoiled as well

> But it did not last long either After one died with rage One died with extreme pleasure And one escaped

The man of fortune and the man in power Never apprehend the subtle connection Between feather and flesh, until they die.

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第93期)

关于译者

木樨颜,本名颜海峰,男,曲阜人,常用笔名木樨颜、木樨黄谷、水中山,民盟盟员,北京外国语大学外国文学研究所博士研究生,山东政法学院副教授,山东省作家协会会员、英国比较文学研究会(BCLA)会员。同时担任中国比较文明学会理事、《国际诗歌翻译》季刊客会典籍英译专业委员会理事、《国际诗歌翻译》季刊客座总编、双语诗刊《诗殿堂》翻译执行主编、美国学术期刊《商务翻译》副主编等职。著有个人诗集《一页水山》《残忍月光》,译诗集《乡村往事》《生命》《梧桐树》《残忍月光》,译诗集《乡村往事》《生命》《梧桐树》《残忍月光》,译诗集《乡村往事》《生命》《梧桐树》《《戏》,译诗集《乡村往事》《生命》《梧桐树》《《水》,译诗选》《神游》等及编著《中国古典诗歌精选精译》、"东西文翰大系"丛书等40余种,曾获2016年第四届中国当代诗歌奖翻译奖等。

盛小芳, 女, 安徽马鞍山人, 山东政法学院英语学士, 专业英语八级, 国家三级笔译。曾获 2019 年外研社杯阅读大赛二等奖、2020 全国大学生英语竞赛一等奖、2019 年国家励志奖学金等荣誉奖励。参译诗集《诗之光》。

Brent Yan, aka Yan Haifeng, born in Qufu, is a member of the Democratic League of China, a candidate doctor at the Institute of Foreign Literature of Beijing Foreign Studies University, an associate professor at Shandong University of Political Science and Law, a member of Shandong Writers' Association, and a member of the British Comparative Literature Association (BCLA). He is also the council of the Chinese Society for Comparative Civilization, the director of the English Translation of Chinese Classics Committee of the China Association for Comparative Studies of English and Chinese, the guest editor of *Renditions of International Poetry*, executive translating editor of *Poetry Hall* and the deputy editor-in-

chief of *Business Translation*. He is the author of two poetry collections, *A Page of Rill and Hill* and *Cruel Moon*, and the translator of poetry collections like *Village Past, Life, Ode to the Plain, Phoenix Tree, Yell out the Sun, Vacant House, Mind Wanders*, etc. He also compiled *Translation of Classical Chinese Poetry* and Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC). He was awarded the translation prize of the 4th Chinese Contemporary Poetry Award in 2016, among many other awards.

Sheng Xiaofang, born in Ma Anshan, Anhui Province, is a Bachelor of Shandong University of Political Science and Law, with the TEM-8 and CATTI Level 3 certificate. She won the Second Prize in "FLTRP Cup Reading Contest", the First Prize in 2020 "National English Competition for College Students" (NECCS), and 2019 "National Encouragement scholarship". And she participated in the translation of the poetry anthology *Muse of Light: Selected Translations of Some Minor Poets of Contemporary China*.

编后记 POSTSCRIPT

本书收录了诗人译者木樨颜发表于《世界诗人》(现名《国际诗歌翻译》)第66-93期的译诗,共包含35位诗人的50余首诗作,并按照在原诗刊上发表的先后顺序依次编排。

作为编者,我们接触该项目时间较晚。偶然间看到译者 在召集编者,内心激动又忐忑。作为主编,常年工作于大学 英语教研第一线,很少进行翻译实践,更没有参加过翻译作 品的选编。而副主编作为曾经的学生也硕士毕业离开校园进 军互联网一年有余,其虽是翻译专业出身,但毕业后并未从 事所谓"本行",没能成为一名翻译。这次机会因此显得十 分珍贵。毕竟多年来,对翻译学科日渐成为显学的我们也一 直存有一种向往,因此在得知可能有机会参与该项目时,喜 不自胜。在此要特别感谢本书译者提供的宝贵机会,让我们 有幸近距离接触到译作的编排和出版。

在诗作选编过程中,不禁感叹诗人的年龄分布范围之广, 题材更是多种多样。阅读本书不难发现,中国诗歌界从来不 缺少怀才的诗人,有的虽然年仅九岁,但已是发表过多首诗 歌的"成熟"诗人了。本书取名为"瞳",提取自选录诗人 薛武的作品《雨中的瞳》,取一瞳视角之意。眼睛是人们探 索世界的基本途径之一,从一个瞳孔看世界,以一颗诗心描 状,是理解小到自我大到宇宙的一种可能。希望通过这一 "瞳"可以使国内外读者窥见当代汉语诗歌的蓬勃发展。

本书在选编过程中进行了一定程度的修改。首先是诗题可能和原译不同,但基本面貌未变,这基本是出于版式字体的考虑而作的变通;其次也修改了一些首发时未曾发现的拼写问题,比如首行大写。但仍有一些保持原样,比如9岁诗人江睿的诗,其译文沿用肯明斯全文小写的现代技法,为了突出其可爱柔和的诗象。在这个过程中,我们两位编者与译者保持即时沟通,并基于前半年其他编者已经做出的大量基础工作,尽量编选遗漏。然而,虽有多方帮助献策,但限于能力与水平,不足和错讹在所难免,恳望各位指出并海涿。

编者